

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,

And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd
And dress'd his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.

Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings.

Qu. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeness, set to dresse this Garden:
How darest thou harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing
What Eue? what Serpent hath suggested thee, (newes
To make a second fall of curst man?
Why do'st thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam, Little ioy haue I
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Piers,
And with that oddes he weighs King *Richard* downe.
Poste you to London, and you'll finde it so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
Dost not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my sad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st, may neuer grow. Exit.

G. Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place
He set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter at the Parliament, *Bullingbrooke*, *Aumerle*, *Nor-*
thumberland, *Percie*, *Fitzwater*, *Surrey*, *Carlisle*, *Abbot*
of *Westminster*. *Herauld*, *Officers*, and *Bagot*.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.

Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble *Glousters* death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

Bag. Then set before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bul. Cofin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnsway, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that dead time, when *Glousters* death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as *Callis*, to my Vnkles head,
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cousins death.

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my 'aire Starres,
On equall termes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd
With th'Attaindore of his stand'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bul. *Bagot* forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathize:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wert cause of Noble *Glousters* death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falsehood to thy harr,
Where it was forged with my Rapier point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) liue to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this house.

Aum. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. *Aumerle*, thou lyest: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vntrue:

And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To proue it on thee, to th'extremest point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,

Quet the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*:

I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord,

'Tis very true: You were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heauen,

As Heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou lyest.

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy;

That Lye, shall lie so heavy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge.

Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.

In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

Fitzwater. How fondly do'st thou spur a forward Horse?

If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,

I dare meeete *Surrey* in a Wildernesse.

And spee vpon him, whilest I say he Lyes,

And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,

To tye thee to my strong Correction.

As I intend to thine in this new World,

Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale.

Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,

That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men, to execute
To execute the Noble Duke at *Callis*.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,

That *Norfolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,

If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.

Bul. These differences shall all rest vnder Gage,

Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: I shall be seene.

Carl. That honorable day shall we re be seene.

Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolke* fought
For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field,
Screaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toy'd with workes of Wapre, retr'y'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gage
His body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.

Bul. Why Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead?

Carl. As sure as I liue, my Lord.

Bul. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule
To the Bolome of good old *Abraham*.

Lords Appealants, your differences shal all rest vnder gage,
Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter *York*.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the possession of thy Royall Hand.

Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

Bul. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.

Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.

Work in this Royall Presence may I speake,
Yet best beleeiming me to speake the truth.

Would God, that any in this Noble Presence
Were enough Noble, to be vpriht Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*: then true Noblenesse would
Leane him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.

What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?

Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:

Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,

Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'de
Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.

I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.

My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prou'd *Herefords* King.

And if you Crowne him, let me prophesie,

The blood of English shall m

And future Ages groane for h

Peace shall goe sleepe with T

And in this Seat of Peace, tum

Shall Kinne with Kinne, and K

Disorder, Horror, Feare, and M

Shall here inhabite, and this L

The field of Golgotha, and de

Oh, if you reare this House, ag

It will the wofullest Diuision p

That euer fell vpon this curst

Preuent it, resist it, and let it n

Least Child, Childs Children c

Nor. Well haue you argu

Of Capitall Treason we arrest

My Lord of Westminster, be i

To keepe him safely, till his da

May it please you, Lords, to gr

Bul. Fetch hither *Richard*

He may surrender: so we shal

Without suspition.

Forke. I will be his Condu

Bul. Lords, you that here a

Procure your Sureties for you

Little are we beholding to y

And little look'd for at your h

Enter *Richard*

Rich. Alack, why am I sen

Before I haue shooke off the R

Wherewith I reign'd? I hard

To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and

Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to

To this submission. Yet I well

The fauors of these men: we

Did they not sometime cry, Al

So *Indus* did to Christ: but he

Found truth in all, but one; I li

God faue the King: will no ma

Am I both Priest, and Clarke?

God faue the King, although I

And yet Amen, if Heauen doe

To doe what seruice, am I sen

Which tyred Maiestie did mak

The Resignation of thy State s

To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Giue me the Crown. He

Here Cousin, on this side my H

Now is this Golden Crowne l

That owes two Buckets, filling

The emptier euer dancing in t

The other downe, vnscene, and

That Bucket downe, and full o

Drinking my Griefes, whilst't y

Bul. I thought you had been

Rich. My Crowne I am, but I

You may my Glories and my

But not my Griefes; still am I

Bul. Part of your Cares you g

Rich. Your Cares set vp, do no

My Care, is losse of Care, by o

Your Care, is gaine of Care, by

The Cares I giue, I haue, thou

They tend the Crowne, yet thi

Bul. Are you contented to

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